

## The Journal and Courier

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

THE OLDEST DAILY PAPER PUBLISHED IN CONNECTICUT.

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THE CARRINGTON PUBLISHING CO. OFFICE 400 STATE STREET.

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## Notice.

We cannot accept anonymous or return rejected communications. In all cases the name of the writer will be required, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Missouri legislature has enacted that the plea of hypnotism as a defense in criminal cases in the State shall be barred.

Congress having adjourned and the Castellano-Gould business having been satisfactorily ended, or begun, those who have work to attend to can attend to it.

French chemists have discovered a new amalgam, of 94 parts copper and 6 parts antimony, which is declared to be a wonderful substitute for gold. When polished it almost exactly resembles the aureate metal, and can be drawn, wrought and soldered precisely like gold. Besides, it can be manufactured at a cost of only about a shilling for a pound of avoirdupois.

It is computed by a statistician of the curious that Queen Victoria's hand, which is said to be a handsome one, has signed more important State papers and been kissed by more important men than the hand of any other queen that ever lived. The Queen does a great deal of political work of which the public rarely hears. Every day sealed boxes of documents are brought to her and in one year she has read as many as 25,000 State papers.

The influence of diet on the growth of hair has often been discussed. It has been shown that starchy mixtures, milk and many other foods recognized as being highly nutritious, are, in fact, sure death to hair growth. Chemical analysis proves that the hair is composed of 5 per cent of sulphur and its ash; of 20 per cent of silicon, and 10 per cent of iron and manganese. The foods which contain the larger per cent of the above named elements are meat, oatmeal and graham. Henry pointedly says: "Nations which eat most meat have the most hair."

It costs something to "fill a long felt want in journalism." Harold Frederic puts Mr. William Waldorf Astor's loss on account of his ventures in London Journalism at \$2,000,000. He paid a quarter of a million for the Pall Mall Gazette alone three or four years ago, and he has spent money freely in endeavoring to build it up. He recently offered to sell it for \$200,000, throwing in the Pall Mall Magazine and the Pall Mall Budget for nothing, but being unable to find a purchaser, even at this sacrifice, he now proposes to wind them all up and pocket his losses.

A strange exemption from influenza has been noticed this winter among some of the workmen in a factory at Valreus, Department of Vaucluse, France. The building has two wings, one devoted to the manufacture of Bristol-board, the other to lithography. In the former thirty-five, out of fifty hands have been seriously ill with influenza; in the latter not a single operative has had even a cold. A similar state of things has been noticed in seven other factories near by. M. Naquet, who communicates the facts to the Paris Academie de Medecine, thinks that the immunity is due to the vapors of spirits of turpentine, of which a quantity is used with each lithographic machine.

Dr. Wlassitch, the new Hungarian minister of public worship and education, spoke in very plain terms the other day to a delegation of his electors of the grave dangers which would result naturally from the efforts of the so-called Catholic People's party to divide the population into political sections on the lines of religious faith. The greatest and widest interests of the nation, he declared, would be imperilled by such a course. It was impossible, he continued, to arrange the political groups according to the faiths professed by their supporters without forcing the whole public life of Hungary, into the morass of reaction. To do so would be to deprive the country of the freedom which it so highly prized and to destroy its traditional reputation for tolerance. The opponents of the government had employed weapons which were not permissible in political warfare. The clergy had utilized the altar and the pulpit for political agitation, introducing political strife into the house, set apart for divine worship.

How could men find peace in the church when they heard there from sacred lips that they were accused if they remained faithful to Liberal principles? Had the priesthood considered, he asked, how deeply such words offended those whose faith was strongest? Dr. Wlassitch spoke with authority, as he had just experienced the full force of clerical opposition in his campaign for re-election after his appointment as minister.

## EFFICIENT.

The new Woman is efficient. A convincing illustration of her efficiency was given the other day in Boston at a presentation of "The Winter's Tale." The performers were all women, and they performed before an audience composed entirely of women. It was announced from the stage that the audience would not be permitted to wear hats during the performance, but, as a few persons still retained their headwear, one of the managers appeared on the stage and said: "It is observed that there are still some hats being worn. Our rule here is invariable and the performance will not proceed until every hat is taken off." This was promptly effectual. Every hat came off and such was the state of discipline that probably all the detachable hair in the house would have followed had there been an order that it should.

This shows that if the new Woman had the management of the theatres in her hands she wouldn't need any law or any talk of law to abate the big theatre nuisance. A word from her to the wise would be sufficient.

## DEAD, WITHOUT HONOR.

The Fifty-Third congress rested from its labors yesterday and its works will follow it. Its members will not feel greatly flattered by the public joy over their departure from the capitol, and they will not feel much elated by the obituary notices which will say with much heartiness that the best thing the late congress ever did was to die.

It has been a billion dollar congress, and while providing for enormous expenditures it has passed a Deficiency tariff bill under the specious name of a tariff bill for revenue. It has shown woful incompetency to deal with the financial problems that have been so pressing. Nero fiddled while Rome was burning and the Fifty-Third congress gabbled and chattered while the country was going from one distress to another. It didn't know what to do and couldn't keep still. It would have done better to adjourn long ago and imitate the action of the Man of Destiny by going a-fishing. Extravagance, Incompetency, Silver and Sugar. There is none so poor as to do the dead congress honor and many are pretty poor. The people are glad that they are to have a rest from the alarms that have been so frequent and disastrous and they hope for better things from the next Congress. They feel sure that they will not have to suffer worse.

## AN IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENT.

As long ago as 1881 Mr. Edward Atkinson in an address at Atlanta called the attention of the cotton factors and planters to their immense losses because of what he termed "the most atrocious, barbarous, unsafe, wasteful and unsatisfactory package in which any great staple of commerce is put up anywhere in the world." It looks now as if the losses which have resulted from the way in which cotton has been baled would be stopped. The Besonet process appears to be what has long been needed. It consists of the winding up of raw cotton in one long lap, which makes a roll of cotton of great density, almost as solid as a log of wood, but in such a way that the fibre is in no wise injured. This compress, or rather this system, is very simple and inexpensive. It can be attached at a small cost to an ordinary gin. As the cotton comes from the gin it passes between heavy rollers and is wound on a cylinder, making a bale of uniform weight, which looks exactly like the rolls of paper used on modern printing presses. The machinery is set to act automatically when the limit of weight of the bale is reached, and then a good covering of stout cotton cloth is wound around the bale, also covering the ends. In this condition it is almost impossible for the cotton to be injured either by mud, water or fire.

It is believed by some that ultimately the present method of sampling will be done away with when the Besonet combination gins and presses shall be in general operation. According to this view each press will then certify to the grade of its output, and self-interest will lead to fairness and honesty in classing cotton, just as self-interest and the laws of trade lead the great flouring mills to brand each barrel as it ought to be.

## FASHION NOTES.

Now's the Time to Buy Spangles. When a fashion is at its height, then comes talk of its coming demerit. A prompt result is the rush on the market of the notion, bringing low prices, and here comes the need of wisdom. When as at present, spangles, beading, Jewelling, etc., are employed in the fad under discussion, take advantage of the bargains and brighten up old lace and fronts and so on in this pretty way. The stylishness of such enrichment is not going to be set aside at once, by any means, and things thus enriched will be pretty for some time yet, quite

as long as they are fresh. On the other hand it would not be advisable to in-



vest a large sum in a spangled and jeweled garment, nor to plan a new gown along these glittering lines. As an illustration, take the waist picture here: Its yoke consists of rich guipure lace, and ends of it extend from the corners of the yoke to the waist. Worn lace could be made to serve nicely, if it were used judiciously sprinkled with spangles, and they can be had at little cost. The other materials of this waist, too, can be easily changed for simpler stuffs, and many would find such substitution necessary, for the original fabrics were all green, fawn and sea-rose yellow satin liberty. The back is plain and is laid in a few pleats, the garment having blunt points back and front. Very full epaulettes of the satin liberty fall over the short puffed sleeves. A velvet toque in which the colors of the waist are combined and biscuit colored suede mousquetaires accompany the waist.

Sleeveless lace blouses are shown for wear with any bodice and are made with any amount of elaboration, often being of lines of thread lace insertion, alternating with narrow satin ribbon, the latter being run with spangled gauze. These are made to come snugly up to the folded collar of the gown, and are sometimes made with a slightly low neck, finished with a fall of lace that is heavily spangled. FLORETTE.

## YASSER PIE.

Give me a spoon of oleo, ma, And the almond alkali. For I'm going to make a pie, mamma, I'm going to make a pie. For John will be hungry and tired, ma, And his tissues will decompose. So give me a gramme of phosphate, And the carbon and cellulose. Now give me a chunk of caseine, ma, To shorten the thermic fat; And hand me the oxygen bottle, ma, And look at the sterilized water first. And if the electric oven's cold Just turn it on half an ohm. For I want to have supper ready As soon as John comes home. Now, pass me the neutral dope, mamma, And rotate the mixing machine. But give me the sterilized water first And the oleomargarine. And the phosphate, too, for now I think. The new typewriter's quit And John will need more phosphate food To help his brain a bit. —Chicago News.

## ENGAGED.

"Miss Solidcash is to marry Sir Geoffrey Foxe-Hunt. They will reside in London." "Ah! More gold engaged for export."—Vogue. Just the Man He Wanted.—Editor: Do you know how to run a newspaper? Applicant—No, sir. "Well, I'll try you. I guess you've had experience."—"Puck." "What makes you think she has such good taste in artistic matters?" said a girl. "She has given up trying to draw," said the other.—Washington Star. Visitor.—Do you always write with a bottle of champagne before you? Novelist—Oh, no! But my hero and heroine have just become engaged.—Elle magazine. Blatter. Tommy—Paw, if the lion is the king of beasts, what is the rhinoceros? Mr. Figg—The politician, of course. His hide is two inches thick.—Indianapolis Journal. A Dakota count is struggling with a prisoner named Seckx. We don't know what he is charged with, but from his name we suspect it is soda water.—Chicago Dispatch. Life with him was real and earnest. And the grave was not his goal; The united efforts of six doctors Failed to put him in the hole. —Detroit Tribune. "Papa," said Johnny, "down here at the next street corner there's an awful strong smell of gas. Who pays for it when it leaks like that?" "I pay for a good deal of it myself, I presume," replied Johnny's father.—Chicago Tribune.

Fed on Plum Pudding Twice Across the Pacific, and Off for Home Voyage. (From the San Francisco Chronicle.) Some months ago Captain Morse of the Alameda was charged by a stock-raising friend in Sydney to bring him over an aristocratic pig to improve the blood of the plebeian Australian swine. The steamer captain found the pig and brought him on board two months ago. He was a dainty little thing, with a pink nose and a confiding way that won the hearts of the passengers before the steamer had crossed the bar. He squealed so pathetically when the time

for seasickness came that the captain yielded to his passengers' intercession and took him out of his box on the deck. They tied a blue ribbon around his neck, and presently the curl came back to his tail, and he warmed his cold pink nose in the hand of the prettiest passenger in the cabin. There was a baby on board, but the child did not get half the attention that was bestowed on the dainty little pig that squealed so delightfully whenever the rolling of the vessel tumbled him off his doubtful little legs.

On the third day out they had plum pudding for dinner on the steamer, and seven women and four men surreptitiously slipped the pudding from their plates into their napkins and stole away from the table. They met at the little pig's box and began to feed sweetmeats to the infant porker. An alarmed cry checked the feeding.

"You'll kill that poor little thing!" shrieked a mother; "plum pudding, and he only three weeks old!"

She had some soft bread soaked in sweet milk, but that wifely pig hardly noticed it. After that there was a regular procession from the cabin table to the box on deck. No women and few men left that table without something for the little pig. The mother watched gloomily for the fulfillment of her dire prophecy while the pig got so fat that his little legs bowed under him.

On the tenth day out the door on the pig's box was enlarged, as he could no longer pass it. On the fifteenth day one end of the box was knocked off for the same reason. At Samoa they built a new and larger box. The daily pilgrimage with delicacies from the cabin table continued and the foreordained sire of a noble line grew in popularity as well as size. There were jealousies among the passengers over the pig and charges that he was getting things that were not good for him. The blue ribbon had long ago become too small and he ate it with some bluish mange one afternoon. The ship's physician said it would not hurt him.

At last the Alameda reached Sydney and the passengers fed their pet for the last time.

But when it came to sending him ashore a stern man in uniform stood in the way. He did not dispute that this was the sweetest pig in the world, but the Australian law was strict and quarantine regulations could not be disregarded. The officer insulted everybody by speaking of the pig as "pork on the hoof." It would be a special act of parliament or an order of court, or something of that sort to get the pig through the regulations, and while the man who sent for the pig was trying to arrange matters the Alameda sailed for home and the pig on her.

The trip was the same as the down trip for the pig, and on the arrival of the Alameda here, Captain Morse sent a cablegram advising him that the difficulties had been overcome and there was no longer any bar to the pig's entry into Australia. They opened the box to give the pig an outing on the dock, but he could not even get his head through, and they had to knock the box to pieces to get him out. On Saturday the Alameda sailed for Australia and in a large pen on deck was a huge hog. The cabin passengers sniffed disdainfully when the wind blew their way, and made remarks about a steamship company that permitted swine on deck.

## Bettered His Prospects.

(From the Detroit Free Press.) Jack Negley was one of the mountaineers of the Cumberland whom I had known better perhaps than any of them, for Jack had borrowed a few dollars from me to buy a yoke of steers with, and the number of times he came to me to get the debt renewed brought me into very close acquaintance with him. He was a farmer in a small way, and he was never known to be out of debt. He was a renter and at least every other season he was occupying a different farm. By my advice he had moved the year before into an entirely new home, at least a dozen miles from his usual haunts, and I had not even seen him for several months. When I did see him, at last, it was by accident as business called me into his neighborhood. As I rode past his house he hailed me from the corn field and came out to the fence. "Hello," I exclaimed, "is this your farm?"

"Yes, and I just come over to tell you, Colonel, that I'll be ready to pay part of that claim you're afore long." "You must be doing well?" "I'm doing' fust rate, and I'm powerful obliged to you, colonel, fer headin' me this way." "I'm always glad to help if I can." "I knowed that, colonel, and that's why I come away over here so fer from home. Hit's a docter strange to me, but ex long ex I'm doin' ez well ez I am I'm agoin to stand it." "Are you making any money?" Jim's face brightened up perceptibly. "No, I ain't, colonel," he replied hopefully, "but I'm losin' it slower'n I ever done in my life afore."

## TOWED IN BY A PORPOISE.

The Story Told as He Told It to His Friends Who Didn't Believe Him. (From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.) A number of the guests of the Plover hotel were seated before the comfortable grate fire in the reading room of that institution last night, talking of everything but the weather. At last the conversation got around to a subject that always brings forth a series of interesting stories and reminiscences—hunting and fishing. The most wonderful tales that were ever evolved in the mind of man were passed about as if matters of mere every-day occurrence, and the shades of Walton and the elder Nimrod must have wilted had they been anywhere about. One of the gentlemen had just finished a wonderful story of rescue, in which a fisherman had ridden a turtle for two miles off the Florida coast and was finally rescued by a passing vessel, a little worse for wear and anxiety.

The members of the party looked at each other for a few moments, when a local sportsman, who had said nothing up to this time, concluded it was time to uphold the reputation of the locality.

"Well, that's all well and good," he said, "but a little experience of mine some years ago may appear quite as remarkable, and I presume no one will doubt the truth of the narrative if I myself tell it. I was hunting and fishing in Barataria bay, and for several days had enjoyed myself hugely. Fish of all sorts were plentiful and the marsh hens flew before my gun in clouds. It was not an uncommon thing for me to load my boat to the gunwales with trout and redfish in a single morning's outing, and I would vary the monotony of this sort of sport by capturing a few tarpon. A favorite method employed by the fishermen in this section of the coast waters is to catch the silver fish where the waters eddy, and when the gleaming fin would break the surface to plunge a grain just abait the dorsal and let 'er go. This was sport, and when you consider that they, the men, usually fished in small piragues, the performance may well be called dangerous. I became quite expert at this and would go at the tarpon with all the temerity and sangfroid of an old-timer. I never, however, succeeded in gaining a silver fish."

"This is not the story I want to tell, however. One morning, when I was about two miles from shore, right out to sea, I cast my lines and the Spanish mackerel began biting like mad. My hands were blistered and I could scarcely move in the boat owing to the vast quantities of the beasties which I had pulled. I rolled up my lines, settled myself for a comfortable row back to shore, and was knocked out to find that my ears had dropped from the pins and floated off. At first I felt amazed at the predicament, but this feeling changed to something like fear when I ascertained that there was not a piece of wood in the boat with which I could make a paddle, and I felt worse as I noticed a drift seaward and that the sun was falling. My quandary increased, and I yelled vociferously in hopes of my voice reaching the shore. Foolish hope. Time drew on with wonderful rapidity until the sun went down. Twilight is not long on the coast, and as the sun dipped the wind died away, leaving the surface of the gulf as smooth as a pond. Suddenly I heard a snort, and then another, and the water was broken into a heap of swirls by the breaking of a great school of porpoises. The fish approached the boat, dangerously close, I thought, until at last a bright thought struck me, and without losing any time, I grabbed by largest line, and quickly tying a slip noose, watched my opportunity, and as a porpoise broke within a few feet of the boat I threw the noose, lasso fashion, and the loon landed square and fair over the huge dorsal fin of the cetacean—and slipped off. My next cast was more successful, the fin being carried by age, and the line held. "It is a well known fact that a porpoise when struck or injured makes for shore. My capture followed this very plan, and, gratified at my sagacity and knowledge, I fastened the line to the prow of the boat, and soon had the satisfaction of witnessing my novel steed cavort toward the shore, growing already dim in the fading light. "It was luck, for the trip was made without incident, the fish thinking of only getting away from the line, and soon I saw the water fly as he plunged over the first sandbar. I was near enough to wade, and cut the line, thanking my stars and the porpoise for a remarkable deliverance. A little while after I was on the shore telling the story to my friends, who, by the way, did not believe me."

"It was evident his listeners were of the same opinion, as one by one they excused themselves, and soon the narrator was left alone. "What Smallpox Can Do. At the time of the announcement of vaccination by Jenner smallpox caused more than one-tenth of all the deaths of the human race. Fifty million people died in Europe from smallpox during the eighteenth century. In the six-

teenth century the disease appeared in Mexico, and 3,500,000 yielded up their lives in a few years, leaving some provinces almost depopulated. In 1707 in Iceland 15,000 died in one year, the entire population being but 50,000. Seventy per cent. of the people of Greenland died of smallpox in 1734. Smallpox is the most fearful disease with which the human race has ever been scourged. Macaulay tells us it was always present, filling the churchyards with corpses, and leaving on those whose lives it spared the hideous traces of its power. "If a modern traveler," says Dr. Hyde, "could be transported to London in the early part of the present century, no peculiarities of architecture, dress, or behavior would be so conspicuous as the enormous number of poor-looking, faded, and decrepit faces at every turn." It spared neither rich nor poor, and even invaded the palace of the king.—Medical Record.

Housekeepers should know about Kipperd Herring (a favorite Scotch dish.) They are small, spawning salmon, split, seasoned and smoked, packed in tins. To prepare for the table, simply open the can, place the Kippers on a broiler and heat over a quick fire. One of the best things about them is the price, . . . 22 cts. TRY THEM for tomorrow's BREAKFAST.

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